

The
H. L. DOUSMAN
Collection of
Fine Modern
Oil Paintings.

TO BE SOLD AT
CLINTON HALL, ASTOR PLACE,
BY AUCTION,

Thursday and Friday Evenings, May 8th and 9th,
At 8 o'clock.

GEORGE A. LEAVITT & CO., Auctioneers.

CATALOGUE

OF

Mr. H. L. Dousman's

GALLERY OF

VALUABLE

PAINTINGS,

NOW ON EXHIBITION

AT

The Leavitt Art Galleries, No. 817 Broadway,

AND WILL BE SOLD BY AUCTION

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On Thursday and Friday Evenings, May 8 & 9,

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GEO. A. LEAVITT & CO., Auctioneers.

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GEO. A. LEAVITT & CO.

NEW YORK, 30th APRIL, 1884.

Messrs. GEO. A. LEAVITT & CO.,

817 BROADWAY,

NEW YORK,

DEAR SIR:

*YOU WILL PLEASE LET THE PUBLIC UNDERSTAND,
THAT THE COLLECTION OF MINE, WHICH YOU NOW HAVE
FOR SALE, WILL BE SOLD TO THE HIGHEST BIDDER,
ABSOLUTELY, WITHOUT RESERVE.*

YOURS RESPECTFULLY,

(SIGNED)

H. L. DOUSMAN.

ARTISTS REPRESENTED.

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CATALOGUE.

FIRST EVENINGS SALE.

1

FRANÇOIS LAFON, Paris

Pupil of his Father.

The Sisters.

17½ x 21½

• 2

A. STANICK, Munich

A Politician.

10 x 12

3

M. WEBER, Munich

A Morning Stroll.

12 x 24

100- *CECILE FERARE*, Paris

The Acceptance.

18½ x 22½

95- *L. MONCHOT*, Paris

The Fourth Bottle.

12 x 17

115- *C. MAGNUS*, Paris

Pupil of Diaz.

Autumn. Forest of Fontainebleau,

21½ x 16½

F. BRISSOT DE WARVILLE, . . . Paris

Pupil of Cogniet.

Medal, 1882.

Hors Concours.

Landscape and Sheep.

29 x 21½

R. HEILMEYER, Munich

Venice.

36 x 20½

V. VANDERGUTH, Paris

On the French Coast.

50 x 34½

HARRY CHASE, A. N. A., . . . New York

Pupil of Mesdag.

On the Flemish Banks.

30 x 50

W. C. NAKKEN, . . . The Hague

The Village Blacksmith.

ANNA GARDELL, . . . Paris

Twilight.

90 -
L. APOL,

The Hague

Medal, Liege, 1871.

Gold Medal, The Hague, 1872.

Silver Medal, Amsterdam, 1874.

Medal, Philadelphia, 1876.

Medal, Venice, 1881.

A. Cloudy Day.

50 -
WM. OPPENOORTH,

The Hague

Landscape.

29
A. LAMOTTE,

Brussels

Pupil of Clays.

A Quiet Day on the Maas.

$36\frac{1}{2} \times 24\frac{1}{2}$

100 CHAS. POILPOT,

Brussels

A Mother's Contentment.

16 x 22

45 H. BUTTNER,

Munich

A Gallant Companion.

10½ x 7

175 M. GAISSER,

Munich

A Good Hand.

18 x 14

P. PERAIRE,

Paris

Pupil of Isabey and Luminais.

Medal, 1880.

Exempt.

Banks of the Marne.

36 x 18

E. VERBOECKHOVEN, dec'd, Brussels

Medals, 1824, '30, '34, '41, '52.

Legion of Honor, 1845.

Chevalier of the Order of Leopold of Belgium, St. Michael of Bavaria and Christ of Portugal.

Decorated with the Iron Cross.

Member of the Royal Academies of Belgium, Antwerp and St. Petersburg.

Landscape and Cattle.

40 x 30

This is a fine example of the united work of the late Eugene Joseph Verboeckhoven and Samuel Leonidas Vermeer. The landscape of the painting is executed by the last named, and the animals by the former. In the foreground of the picture a peasant woman is driving a flock of sheep and some cattle home for the night. These are excellent examples of Verboeckhoven's work. The little herd have stopped at the brink of a pool to water. One of the cows is drinking, another has turned its back upon the brook at which it has been refreshed, while the other is lowing as if demanding a night of rest. All seem imbued with life and action.

Vermeer's share of the picture is an admirable specimen of the landscape painting of the modern Dutch school, while the animal life of Verboeckhoven illustrates the best type of scenic Belgian art.

Verboeckhoven, who was born at Warneton in 1799, was regarded as one of the best continental animal painters. He was also favorably known by his portrait work, and, as a sculptor, made a reputation. His statue of "Meditation" has been claimed to possess "a good degree of merit." Vermeer saw the light at The Hague in 1813, and died in 1876. He was decorated with several orders and also obtained a medal at Philadelphia. His views of Amsterdam, Rotterdam and Burges are well known, as well as his *genre* subjects, such as the "Salmon Fishers," the "Departure for the Market," etc.

P. QUINSAC, Paris

Pupil of Gérôme.

From the Paris Salon, 1883.

The Model.

24 x 32

W. C. BEAUQUESNE, Paris

Pupil of Horace Vernet and Emile Leconte.

Off Duty.

12 x 15

J. B. C. COROT, dec'd, Paris

Medals, 1838, '48, '55, '67. (E. U.)

Chevalier of Order of Legion of Honor, 1846.

Officer of Order of Legion of Honor, 1867.

Diploma to the Memory of Deceased Artists, Exposition Universelle, 1878.

Landscape.

15 x 12

Corot's paintings need no eulogy. They speak for themselves, not only in pantheistic grandeur, but in all the quietude of the calm of solitude, and in a mysterious sense of poetic, absorbing fantasy. In the words of the eminent art critic, Jarves, in his "Art Thoughts"—"Corot's paintings challenge no carping criticism. Their tendency is to make one forget it in tranquil enjoyment. They fall upon the eye as distant melody upon the ear, captivating the senses and inspiring the sentiments. Contemplation too, and sympathetic reception of Nature's language are quickened by his compositions. They are no transcripts of scenery, but pictures of the mind. To soothe, to give repose, to evoke dreamy sentiment—such is their mission."

F. A. DELOBBE,

Medals, 1874, '75.

Hors Concours.

Musing.

36½ x 45

C. VERLAT,

Paris

*Medals, 1853, '55, '61.**Legion of Honor, 1868.**Wake Up.*

8 x 10

LUIS ALVAREZ,

Rome

The Marriage of Paolina Bonaparte to Prince Borghese.

27 x 41

What a host of remembrances this picture brings to the mind! It is an incident in the marriage of a modern Roman patrician whose family traditions date back to the time of the twelve Cæsars. The bride is only the daughter of a simple Corsican attorney, but her brother made Europe tremble at his foot-step. It is the union of the highest type of blue-blood aristocracy with the offspring of modern Titanic strength and power proceeding from the loins of Eighteenth Century democracy.

Prince Borghese has just been married to the sister of Napoleon Bonaparte. The bride is arrayed in the white satin and gold embroidery of the empire, and is leaning on the arm of her newly wedded spouse. She looks every inch a princess, while he has cast aside the princely Roman habit, and is attired in the court costume of the First Empire. On his breast hangs the grand cross of the Legion of Honor, pendant from the red sash and ribbon of the order.

The princely blazon of the Borghese has given way to the Napoleonic bees which stud his mantle.

A faithful servitor, clad in the colors of the house, is kissing the hand of his prince. At the foot of the staircase two pages of noble birth offer, on behalf of the Roman Senate, a basket of flowers to the newly married pair.

On the right hand of the picture, music is discoursing its sweet sounds, to which move the stately steps of the guests who are descending the grand staircase. The procession is passing under the statue of a nude who, as representative of Ancient Rome, presents fragrant sweets to the wedding cortege. The

chisel of Phidias is doing reverence to the modern Venus whom Antonio Canova honored by accepting as a model.

There is a wonderful wealth of color in this composition, and befits the delineation of the nuptials of a noble son of blue-skied Italy to a daughter of the Mediterranean. The superb decorations of the princely mansion stand out in a blaze of gold and white, which are relieved by the mellow olive tints of the armorial cognizance that stands out in bold relief in the centre of the picture. All is light and sunshine. The varying shades of the silks and satins of high born dames, the gay court costumes of the nobles and the ecclesiastical purple of the Catholic Church, all help to assist in presenting a richness and delicacy of color which is only equalled by carefulness in the minutiae of detail.

The following letter sent by the artist with his picture, explains more particularly the incidents depicted in this grand work :—

Rome, February 12, '79.

My dear Sir:—In forwarding you my picture representing "The Wedding of Paolina Borghese," I think it will please you, if I give you a hint about the different personages represented in it.

Paolina Borghese was Napoleon the First's sister, who was celebrated for her beauty and for having sat before the renowned Sculptor Canova, to make the statue of the "Victorious Venus," now existing in the Borghese Gallery in Rome; she was married to Prince Borghese, then Governor of Paris. I have chosen the moment when the just married couple descend from the Chapel and crossing the ante-chamber, direct themselves to the apartments of the interior. They are there met by two pages of the Roman Senate, in whose name they present a large basket of flowers to the sister of the mighty Emperor, while the Chief Servant kisses the Prince's hand as a mark of respect and congratulation; the bride and bridegroom are followed by their relations, and standing witnesses to their marriage, the Princes Bonaparte; behind these and still on the stairs follow the Princess Rospigliosa, to whom the Spanish Ambassador is speaking, then the Princess Barberini with her daughter and a young son, the Sculptor Canova, a Bishop and other distinguished gentlemen and Roman Princes invited to the ceremony, amongst them an officer of the French Army. On the right hand of the stair landing place is stationed a livery servant to close the pass reserved to the little musical concert, which every Prince then possessed.

In the group of Gentlemen and Princes whose costumes are vigorously historical, and have been graciously lent me by the Prince Borghese himself only possessor, I endeavor to establish the contrast between the more ancient fashioned and faded colored dresses of the ones, and the rich fashionable costumes of the French Empire, of the others.

The hall is really historical and exists in the family palace whose coat-of-arms I placed in the midst of the tapestry in the center of the picture.

I flatter myself that my picture will be admired and will obtain the same approbation it has met with here, of the many visitors come to my studio to see it, then indeed I shall have attained the greatest reward I aim at, namely: that my works may meet the taste of the learned and intelligent American People and lovers of the fine arts.

The intelligence of the arrival of the picture will greatly oblige me, while I remain with much consideration,

Your devoted friend,

LUIS ALVAREZ.

WILHELM AMBERG,

Berlin

*Pupil of Herbig, Karl Begas and Leon Cogniet.**Professor and Member of the Academy of Bertin.**Dolce far Niente.*

25 x 35

ERNEST JEAN AUBERT,

Paris

*Pupil of Paul Delaroche.**Prix de Rome, 1844.**Medals, 1857, '59, '61, and at Paris Exposition, 1878.**The Lesson in Harmony.*

35 x 45

Delaroche's pupil Jean Ernest Aubert appears to the best advantage in this Hellenic study. A young Greek girl is learning what Shakespeare termed "the lascivious music of a lute." Her instructor is a youthful Orpheus, who is as much interested in her progress as the little Cupid who is standing in the rear and accompanying the absorbed pair. Love, light and music blend together in this picture. The background of the painting tells us that the blue Mediterranean waves are murmuring soft sounds of ecstasy to the enthralled couple. Cupid leaning on his bow temporarily assists in the "Lesson of Harmony," as a performer, but he is too near a neighbor for the happy pair. The kneeling maiden is awakening not only the delicious melody of the musical instrument, but is also attuning the birth of love in the heart of her instructor. With Cupid nigh their danger is imminent, and he will doubtless be the victor in the end. Orpheus will be vanquished by Love.

VICTOR BACHEREAU, . . . Paris

Pupil of M. G. Deville.

The Last Hours of Francois de Lorraine.

(Duke of Guise.)

31 x 44½

The dying Francis of Lorraine, Duke of Guise, has had his assassin, John Poltrot, Lord of Mere, brought before him. He is now asking his murderer why he committed so foul a deed. The assassin faces his victim fearlessly, with the consciousness of having performed a deed in the interests of Protestantism, which will bring his body to the torture and his head under the executioner's axe.

It is a scene that French historians have lingered over, and which the wonderful brush of Bachereau tells us in equally vivid language.

The Duke knows that the hand of death is upon him. Neither the tears of his kneeling Duchess, Anne of Este, nor the sorrowing heart of his thirteen-year-old son Henry, Prince of Joinville, nor the prayers of his brother the Cardinal of Guise, Bishop of Metz, can save him. The fierce visages of the armored soldiery, who hold the murderous nobleman, the reproachful look of the old physician in attendance, and the horror stricken physiognomies of the gallant courtiers make up a *tout ensemble* of rare merit and power of delineation which mark this as a great historical work of art. The figures of the personages in the picture all tell their story, and the other surroundings, show the luxury and pomp of the sixteenth century, even on the tented field. The oriental carpet, the tapestry hangings, the embroidered bed-curtains, the heraldic blazonry of the armorial bearings of Guise and the superbly worked silk counterpane tell us of the refinement, which environed and made up the lives of the great nobles and monarchs of France, three hundred years ago.

The Duke of Guise, on the 18th of February, 1563, while on the way to meet his wife and having left his army before Orleans, which he was then besieging, was at a cross-road. Suddenly he felt himself struck in the right shoulder by a shot fired from behind a hedge. He said as soon as he apprehended what had happened:

"That shot has been in keeping or me a long while. I deserve it for not having taken precautions."

His first words to his wife, when taken to his death bed, were :

"I am vexed at it for the honor of France."

He died on the 24th of February, 1563, and his last words were, after receiving the sacraments of the Church and when offered food to sustain his increasing weakness :

"Away, away, I have taken the manna from heaven whereby I feel myself so comforted that it seems to me as if I were already in paradise."

John Poltrot was sentenced to the regicidal punishment. He was executed on the 18th of March, 1563, on the Place de Greve. During his death struggles he said :

"For all that he is dead and gone—the persecutor of the faithful—he will not come back again."

30

VICTOR LAGYE, Brussels

Pupil of Baron Leys.

Medal at Centennial Exposition, Philadelphia, 1876.

Chevalier of the Order of Leopold.

Gold Medal, Brussels, 1860.

The Departure.

19 x 24

This fifteenth century study presents us with an amusing scene of old Belgian life. Donned in new apparel, a Toledo blade by his side and his hat perched sideways, this cavalier is twirling his mustache to a rakish point. He is admiring himself in a mirror. His wife and little child are disregarded. He only thinks of his fine bravery and imagining the conquests over female hearts he will make when he sallies forth. Standing behind the seated wife is a faithful woman servitor who is as much amused at the airs, graces, antics and acts of her master as his wife is. The painter is a pupil of the great master Leys and displays all the force and vigor of that artist.

ST. CHLEBOWSKI, . . . Paris

*Pupil of Gérôme.**Femmes Arabes chez un Marchand de Tapis.*

19½ x 24½

M. St. Chlebowski in this picture has given us a scene familiar to oriental travellers. A vendor of rugs is exhibiting to a group of Arab women, a carpet, which he feels confident, will commend itself to his lady purchasers. The artist has chosen a street in Cairo to locate his story in colors. The old merchant recognizes that an important moment has arrived in the transaction, which his attendant is looking after. A bargain is near consummation. Although he seems so stolid, the mouthpiece of his chibouque is disregarded and his eye is furtively watching the favorite wife of the Sheikh, who is closing up her barter. Perhaps she is purchasing for her husband a rug upon which will be paid his devotions as he wends his way to the Sacred Kaaba at Mecca, or it may be for the purpose of lolling upon indolently in her tent, along with the rival wife, who is doubtless jealous of the right, which the favorite has had permitted her, the duty of buying a new rug.

PIERRE JEAN CLAYS, . . . Brussels

*Medal at Paris Exposition, 1867, '78.**Chevalier of the Legion of Honor, 1875, and of the Order of Leopold.**The Port of Ostend.*

40 x 60

Clays has long been recognized as the great modern European exponent of water. Ménard says:—"He knows its clearness and he knows how to render the little noisy waves all bathed in light." This view in the port of Ostend exemplifies the same freshness and true tone, which the same French art critic regards as so alluring. Paul Mantz holds:—"The water has found in Clays a marvellously exact painter; he gives it movement, limpidity, life, and with happy talent he knows the spots where the sun's rays cross it to fill it with light." This specimen of the easel of Clays, shows how Flemish he is in his marine work, but which he repudiates in landscape, where he has been considered most approximate to the Dutch school. There never was a greater marine painter on the continent of Europe, in this century, than Peter John Clays.

BENJAMIN CONSTANT, . . . Paris

Medals, 1875, '76, and at Paris Exposition, 1878.

Chevalier of the Legion of Honor, 1878.

La Fille de Cesar.

14 X 21

Benjamin Constant gave an indication in this picture of the Orientalism which he now accepts as his proper art labor. Of late years he has preferred Eastern subjects to European. In this painting of "Cæsar's Daughter," although the Coliseum and its white togged spectators are in the background, yet, in the fore, an African female slave is bestrewing with roses the oriental carpet, which covers the steps her imperial mistress is descending. Cæsar's daughter, garbed in cloth of gold, bedecked with jewels and with a haughty stamp of her dainty feet, is making her way to the allotted seat, where she and her Emperor father will gleefully watch the sport of Christian martyrs thrown to the lions and gladiators mimic war in hideous strife for a smile from the imperial seats. Perhaps in a few minutes the life of some conquered slave will be trembling in the balance, and depending upon her kind word in the ear of her imperial parent, or upon the movement of her thumb.

34

The Sultan's Favorite.

38 x 52

There is a gorgeous richness of color to be seen here. In the lines of Byron:

"A dazzling mass of gems, and gold, and glitter

Magnificently mingled in a litter,

Wealth had done wonders—taste not much; such things occur in
Oriental palaces."

The Sultan's favorite is reclining on a divan. Her dreamy, voluptuous eyes, her jewel bedecked fingers, her dark-green satin robe encircled with a silken girdle, her gem embroidered slippers, as well as her pose, all shoulder and hip, display a nervous lassitude, to which even the highest who follow the sensualistic doctrines of the Koran are doomed. The healthy delights of nature visible from the open window are not for her. She is a creature hanging on a sultan's favor, and whose life may be cut short in an hour by the bow-string. Her silken-apparelled and jeweled slaves on the right are probably jealous of her. They hope to fill the place she occupies with its glittering, yet debasing—magnificent, yet truly miserable—environment.

PIERRE O. J. COOMANS, Paris.

975 - Medals at Brussels, 1848, The Hague, 1859, and at Metz, 1861, Rouen, 1863, Sydenham, 1874.

Chevalier of the Order of Leopold.

La Coupe de l'Amitie.

22 x 33½

A bacchanalian group which would have delighted the soul of Petronius Arbiter is offered in this composition. The luxurious refinement of the Roman patrician is depicted in a dozen different ways in this painting. Three bacchanals are enjoying a symposium surrounded by female musicians, dancers, innocent little children with their toys and debased women, richly clad. We are recalled to pre-Christian times when drunkenness was a virtue and lasciviousness a creed. The banquet is at its height, the effeminately dressed bacchanals have their brows decorated with wreaths. The Heliogabalus giver of the feast is just pledging the cup of friendship with an indolent and seated Aspasia, one of whose hands grasps a peacock fan. The other toys with the head of a sphinx. The two other male figures exhibit the influence of the Falernian. The one to the right with the face of a satyr is offering a pear to a little auburn haired girl, who is clad in a diaphonous robe. The other bacchanal, a white haired augur, is with upraised arm calling upon Bacchus to be propitious.

The banquet table presents an array of gem-covered and highly finished crystal ware. A brazier is disseminating its fragrant incense to the nostrils of the revellers who seem gorged to repletion. The interior decorations exhibit frescoes of a Pompeian character which are well known to students of the Naples Museum.

This painting is highly finished. The technique is perfect.

CZACHORSKI,

Paris

The Turk's War Booty.

17 x 26½

This is a sequel to the bloodshed, rapine and murder which are now desolating Egypt, and always follow in the wake of the Mohammedan gospel of the sword. A Turk, after one of his sanguinary frays, has succeeded in obtaining booty. He has despoiled an Arab sheikh of his treasures. Mingled with horse saddles, arms, rugs and other loot, lies a beautiful captive. The searching light of day exposes the lately carefully hidden beauties of her naked form. She has been the favorite of her lord, whose Arab steed has already met its death or has been consigned to a strange stable. The pride of the haarem will shortly be consigned to the living tomb, where some hoary débauché will confine her in a splendid prison and where lust wallows in shameful ways.

37

V. DE VOS.

Norwegian Bull-Dog and Scotch Terrier.

12 x 17

ALPHONSE DE NEUVILLE, Paris

2915 —

Pupil of Picot,

Medals, 1859 and 1861.

Chevalier of the Legion of Honor, 1873.

Beleaguered.

28 x 39

Alphonse de Neuville is the great battle picture painter of this generation. His fertile brush has depicted numerous subjects descriptive of episodes in the Franco-Prussian war and in which he took a part. These always bring high prices. In this painting five French soldiers of the line are beleaguered. They are fighting a host of Prussians. One of the five heroes is wounded and will shortly help to fill, perchance, the same grave that is destined for his dead comrade, who lies outstretched in the foreground, face downward, biting the dust and plucking the grass by the roots in his death throes. The haze of smoke, the fiery glow from burning homes, obscure, yet light up the scene. Standing in front of this picture one can almost smell powder. The Zouave to the right, sending death from his chasseur, seems living and breathing. His red head gear is typical of carnage and bloodshed. Ernest du Vergier de Hauranne's summing up of De Neuville's work can apply to the details of the effects produced in this work of art:—"He has freedom, audacity, movement, truth of physiognomy, truth of gesture, truth of color at the end of his brush, and all without visible effect."

JULIEN DUPRÉ,

Paris

*Honorable Mention, 1879.**Medals, Salon, 1880, '81.**Noonday Rest.*

32 x 26

Julien Dupré is here at his very best. Three peasants have been working hard from early sunrise making hay. Now comes the time for the noonday rest. To the French peasant it means true comfort and a *petit boire*. One of the hay-makers, a typical French village maiden, is pouring out the *vin ordinaire*. The rustic with wooden sabots to whom she is giving a mug of the good French wine will enjoy that drink with as great satisfaction as the Lord of the Domain. It is the reward of honest work, the solace necessary for a morning well performed. His male companion, from whose pipe bowl the smoke is wreathing, looks as happy and jolly as his friend and co-laborer. This is a fine example of Julien Dupré's brush.

CAROLUS DURAN,

Paris

*Medals, 1866, '69, '70.**Chevalier of the Order of Leopold.**Chevalier of the Legion of Honor, 1872.**Medal, Paris Exposition, 1878.**Medal of Honor, 1879.**Oriental Woman.*

14 x 25½

Head of a Girl.

9 x 12

JULES DUPRÉ,

Paris

Legion of Honor, 1849.

Officer of Legion of Honor, 1870.

Medals, 1833 and 1867.

Autumn Morning.

32½ x 26½

This is a remarkable production of Jules Dupré. It is a morning in autumn. The sun is hidden by the clouds which betoken a coming storm. Along the highway tramps a white bloused peasant. He is hurrying in the face of the gusty winds which are about to rise from the north. It is one of those strange effects which have made Jules Dupré's reputation as a great master of the French school. The perspective is there; the clouds are there; the very leaves shiver in the tremulous blast, and the sluggish water-pool by the roadside exhibit those qualities which Théophile Gautier loved to dwell upon in the works of this master, who graduated from the porcelain factory to the studio. He wrote of Dupré's works: "We are no more accustomed to these superb extremes, to this excess of strength, to this overflowing of power, to these full-faced struggles with nature. This excessive scale dazzles the eyes habituated to the sober regime of gray." Ménard considers Dupré one of the "grandest colorists in landscape which the contemporaneous school has produced."

ALFRED GUES,

Paris

Pupil of Gerome.

Courtship.

11 x 18½

A. GROLLERON, . . . Paris

Pupil of Bonnat.

Honorable Mention, 1882.

The Wounded Soldier.

11 x 16

AUGUSTE HAGBORG, . . . Paris

Medal, 1879.

Chevalier of the Legion of Honor, 1879.

Waiting for Papa.

25 x 34

FERDINAND HEILBUTH, . . . Paris

Medals, 1857, '59, '61.

Chevalier of the Legion of Honor, 1861.

The Morning Mail.

29 x 36½

The morning mail has just come in at a seaside watering place. A young lady cons the news from home. She is sitting alone with her letter and the thoughts it conjures up. She is intently engaged in reading and all her energies are absorbed. Utterly regardless of the low murmurs of the sea which is gradually ebbing, she has no desire for the beauties of the shore or the blue horizon where ocean kisses sky. Miles away from home, she is at this moment very near it.

Heilbuth, although a German, received his art education at Paris, and was decorated with the red ribbon of the Legion of Honor.

PHILIPPE INDONI, . . . Rome

415

Borghese Villa.

25 x 31

ADOLPHE FOURDAN, . . . Paris

250

Pupil of Jalabert.

Medals, 1864, '66, '69.

Virginity.

11 x 15

WILLIAM KRAY,

Vienna

Professor of the Academy at Vienna.

1395

Lurlei.

32½ x 46

Ich weiss nicht, was soll es bedeuten,
 Dass ich so traurig bin;
 Ein Maerchen aus alten Zeiten,
 Dass kommt mir nicht aus dem Sinn.

Die Luft ist kuehl und es dunkelt,
 Und ruhig fliesst der Rhein;
 Der Gipfel des Berges funkelt,
 Im Abendsonnenschein.

Die schoenstē Jungfrau sitzt,
 Dort oben wunderbar,
 Ihr goldnes Geschmeide blitzet,
 Sie kaemmt Ihr goldenes Haar.

* * * * *

(Old German Song.)

The Swimming Lesson.

1395

43 x 58

A young mother seated on a rugged cliff is teaching her little boy to swim in the sea. He is poised on a raft which he tightly holds with his hands. His face is slightly inclined toward the mother. He has a confident expression and his eyes seem to say—"My mamma, my good mamma is there, I am not afraid." She has no fear herself, for her brave boy has all the instincts of a little man, and she guides him with a cord securely tied around his middle. The mother, who is semi-nude, has a dear bright black eyed child clinging to her back and the baby is thoroughly enjoying the fun of her brother's swimming lesson. A sprig of fuchsia in her hand and a smile upon her face, this little chirping cherub divides our attention with that we have to bestow upon the happy faced mother and her pupil.

The Naiad and her Victim.

38 x 53

The rocks known by the name of "Lurlei" are just above St. Goar, and rise in sombre grandeur above the Rhine. The legends tell that in days of yore, a charming maiden lived on the top, and each evening sat there and combed her golden locks, or played the harp and sang melodiously. All who saw or heard her were passionately in love with her, and many boats were drawn into the Gewirre, or whirlpool, while attempting to near her home. She did much good to the fishermen, showing them the best places to fish. The fame of her beauty and goodness attracted the son of the Pfalzgraf to see her. He ordered his boatmen to row towards the "Lurlei;" they remonstrated, but in vain; they went and could see nothing on the rock; but returning, they heard a song coming from the depths of the river. Then the waves rose as if with a storm, and raised the boat towards the rock where now the virgin appeared dressed in white and veiled. There the youth would climb to her. The boatmen sadly tried to near the rock, but he leapt out, and was swallowed by the foaming waters. His father was determined to revenge the death of his son, and sent soldiers to take the Undine prisoner, that she might be burned as a witch. She stood on the rock smiling while they climbed up, and when they commanded her to come down she said: "The Rhine will receive me, and that will be better." When they had almost reached her, she bent towards the river, singing—

"Hasten hither, lovely waves,
Take me quickly to your caves."

The waters rose, and two waves took her away while she sweetly sang. But the men were thrown on the rocks, and were glad to escape with their lives to the Pfalzgraf, who was convinced he had no power over her. The Undine was never seen again.

W. A. BOUGUEREAU,

Paris

*Pupil of Picot.**Prix de Rome, 1850.**Medals, Paris Exposition, 1855, '57.**Chevalier of the Legion of Honor, 1859.**Medal at Paris Exposition, 1867.**Officer of the Legion of Honor, 1876.**Member of Institute of France, 1876.**Medal of Honor, Paris Exposition, 1878.**Jeunes Bohemiennes.*

39 x 67

To connoisseurs, William Adolphe Bouguereau is known by great art compositions of varying types. The man about town only remembers the name of this grand artist in conjunction with the lewd and the nude, but the art critic recognizes that Bouguereau is equally great in religious conceptions, in Greek studies and in pastoral scenes, as he is in a picture like the "Nymphs and Satyrs."

Here is a painting which seems moving on the very canvas. The eyes of this young gipsy girl penetrate themselves into one's heart. She tells a world of reminiscences in her face. She, as well as her little sister, are tinged with the brown shade of complexion inherited through the centuries of wanderings, that the strange people, her ancestors, have travelled in strange lands.

The whole earth is her home. She is a dweller in tents, as her people were before her. Young yet, she has a maiden blush upon her cheeks. She has the face of her oriental race. It may belong equally to one of the Lost Tribes, the gentle Hindoo, the disinherited Copt or the semi-barbaric Bohemian from whom she takes one of her titles. She is a Romany girl, a Gipsy, a wanderer on the face of God's earth.

Around her is a barren desolation, the vegetation of the thistle, the weirdness of sea, the bleakness of mountain and the brightness of sky that mark her well contented, but vagabond tribe. Her rags are cleanly—her very hair shows her pride, and there is a look of happiness, yet sadness, that presents her to our civilization as a type of strange, quaint and extraordinary character. In a few years she will, by the aid of palmistry, fortune telling and other eccentric superstitions, astonish the seeker after the spells of divination and wonders of futurity.

In an age of science, she and her people stand alone, as the representatives of the barbaric-folk-lore and superstitions of thousands of years ago. The little three-year-old Zingari is full of romp and all the happiness of childhood, but she has the face of a future prophetess born out of her time. As she clings to the neck and body of her sister, so will she and her tribe cleave unto each other.

The painting before us echoes the words of René Ménard—"M. Bouguereau's children are delightful and his composition charming; his drawing is correct."

SECOND EVENING'S SALE.

53

W. PERCY RICHARDSON, . London

Pennan Pool; Landscape.

53a

Sunrise, Isle of Skye.

54

A. PECQUEREAU, . Antwerp

Medal at Vienna, 1873.

Street Scene, Dusseldorf.

EDOUARD ZAMACOIS, dec'd, . Paris

Pupil of Meissonier.

Medal at Paris, 1867.

The Picadore.

A. W. VON BOSKIRK, . . Paris

Landscape.

BARTOLINI.

Street in the City of Algiers.

G. SIMONI, Rome

190

The Court Fester.

Landscape in Algiers.—Waiting for the Chief.

90

115

Fishing Party at Bougival, near Paris.

90

Interior of the Courtyard of the Bey of Tunis.

115

Toilette Arabe.

80

Street in Toledo, Spain.

LEON PERRAULT, . . . Paris

Pupil of Picot and Bouguereau.

Medals, Paris, 1864, '76.

Philadelphia Centennial Exposition, 1876.

The Prayer.

17 x 12

A young girl with golden hair and blue eyes, heavenward turned, is reciting with clasped hands a prayer to the good God. In front of her, resting upon a prie-dieu, is her prayer-book. Perrault was born at Poitiers and was a pupil of Picot and Bouguereau. His two pictures, "The Bathers" and "Repose," were exhibited at the Centennial and attracted great attention.

VINCENTE PALMAROLI, . . . Paris

Medal, Paris Exposition, 1867.

The Pretty Model.

25 x 30

This great Spanish painter has been classed, in consequence of certain peculiarities of his brush, with Fortuny and Meissonier. His name can well be allied with theirs, for his compositions have marked individuality and character which exhibit genius of the highest order. This picture presents to us a daughter of his own native Spain, who is thrumming a mandolin. She is seated, limbs crossed, upon a table, the red cover of which brings out in a telling manner her arched instep and the hues of her dress. Her face is a coquette's and her blue eyes have made many an Hidalgo's heart throb with amorous passion. Her white gleaming right arm stands out in bold relief. The background to the figure is composed of medieval tapestry, covered with quaint forms, which, weird-like, pierce the gloom of centuries. This is one of the gems of the collection.

Sketching on the Seaside.

755-

26 x 31

67

GUSTAVE RICHTER, dec'd, . . . Berlin*Medals at Paris Exposition, 1855, '57, '59, and at Brussels.**Vienna, 1873.**Philadelphia, 1876.**Grand Medal at Berlin, 1864.**Professor and Member of the Senate of the Royal Academy of Art in Berlin.**Member of the Academies of Munich and Vienna.**La Bajadere.*

22½ x 35

Richter is best known in America by the numerous chromo-lithographs which have popularized his oriental studies. He is always brilliant in his colors and most careful in his details. This is a superb specimen of his brush. It represents a dancing odalisque. She has a face of a most voluptuous beauty, and her stately figure is below the bust draped in silken robes that rival the rainbow's hues. The light shade of her upper garment, which is almost transparent, harmonizes pleasingly with the somewhat dark background and which united bring out her shapely arms with vivid realism. She is looking archly with her head slightly on one side and resting against a tambourine, which she poises on her right shoulder. Through the moresque pillars of the Turkish palace, in which she is disporting, can be seen the white, gleaming dome and minarets of a mosque.

MARTIN DIEGO RICO,

Paris

Pupil of Madrazo.

Medal at Paris Exposition, 1878.

Chevalier of the Legion of Honor, 1878.

Entrance to the Grand Canal, Venice.

16 x 28

This is a first-class example of the careful work of the Italian painter, Rico. It is a view on the canal at Venice. The blue sky above, the white palazzos with their red roofs and the limpid water in which their reflections are mirrored, make up a scene of almost crystalline beauty. Even the few dark gondolas and boats on the canal add to this effect. So wonderfully alive is this representation of a scene in Venice, that one needs not go to the city of the Doges to learn what Venetian scenery is.

LUCIUS ROSSI,

Rome

Pupil of Fortuny.

Medals in Parma, Turin, Rome, Milan, Bologna and Naples.

Fishing Party in the Garden of Fontainebleau.

13 x 16

HENDRICK F. SCHAEFELS, . Brussels

The Return from Hawking.

32 x 39

A. F. A. SCHENCK,

Ecouen

*Pupil of Cogniet.**Medals, 1865.**Philadelphia Centennial Exposition, 1876.**Chevalier of the Order of Christ of Portugal and of Isabella the Catholic.**Snow-storm in the Pyrenees Mountains.*

36 x 58

This picture of a flock of sheep huddled together in a snow-storm, was one of the features at Philadelphia. Rams, sheep and lambs are all herded in one frightened and shivering group. The drifting snow has terrified them beyond animal endurance and the lord of the flock, with his head upraised, is piteously bleating for the shepherd, whose care all wish to be under. The lambkin to the right has an anxious and pitiful expression on its face, that is almost human. The good mother warming it with her caresses is a study of maternal solicitude.

This is a painting equal to anything Landseer or Bonheur ever attempted. There is no greater painter of sheep than Schenck. In fact, with such a composition before one, we need not wonder that the Paris Figaro's art critic, in 1878, asserted:—

"Albert Schenck is certainly one of the most original figures of the contemporaneous artistic gallery; I should like to have the time to paint in full this robust companion, born in Holstein, annexed by Prussia without asking, and adopted by France because he wished it. All the world to-day regards Schenck as one of our first animal-painters. He is one of those originals, of a species not yet extinct, who prefer dogs to men, and finds more sweetness in sheep than in women. With such fancies one leaves the city for the fields, and has only to do with animals. Our artist has taken this part after having profoundly studied his fellow-creatures. Retired to Ecouen, to a farm, he lives in the midst of oxen, dogs, goats, asses, horses and sheep of all types, races, and species; cares for them, cultivates them, loves them, and above all studies them, as never artist studied his models. He knows better than any one their habitual behavior, their favorite poses, their preferred attitudes, and the mobile play of their physiognomies. By means of studying closely the joys and griefs of these modest companions and humble servants of man, he has penetrated the inmost recesses of their souls, which he knows how to show us in pictures of striking truth. His animals' heads are portraits particularized with all the care which Cabanel, Dubufe, and Bonnat gave to the human mask. The picture which he exhibits to-day under the title of 'Angoisses,' is pathetic to the last degree. A lamb is wounded, lying on the ground, losing its blood, which pours out of a horrible wound. The ravens, with their infallible instinct, scent the approaching death, and await their prey; their sinister circle is closed in,—the unfortunate little beast cannot escape them. The mother is there; she comprehends it, the poor creature! the fate which awaits her dear nursling, and broken-hearted, full of anguish [it is the title of the picture, and it is just], she bleats for the shepherd who comes not. It is a little drama, this picture, and as poignant as if it had men for actors and victims."

ADOLPHE SCHREYER,

Paris

Medals, 1864, '65.

Paris Exposition, 1867.

Vienna Exposition, 1873.

Wallachian Horses on the Lower Danube.

20 x 42½

Schreyer is as great in the delineation of horses as Schenck is in the portrayal of animals of a lower brute creation. He here exhibits a Wallachian rustic scene. In the background is the farmhouse of a Danubian peasant, to which the team in the fore are slowly and laboriously working their way. With such a rugged road to travel, it is not to be wondered at that ten horses are wanted, with two drivers, to drag a cumbersome, heavily laden cart along it. If Henry Bergh were in Wallachia, he would probably arrest the stout peasant in command, for driving his animals on such a rocky road. The poor, unhappy spavined brutes are the very picture of desolation; particularly the one nearest the cart, and on which the driver is riding.

This is a wonderful picture and depicts animal life in vivid colors. The "Courrier Artistique" tells the story of what the French art authorities think about this German master:

"Schreyer joins to a grand and bold conception, a profoundly poetic sentiment; this makes him both German and French. His manner as well as his talent has two natures; it recalls both Delacroix and Fromentin. His color is a happy mingling of the dreamy tones of the one and the powerful colors of the other. And one should above all admire it for the incontestable originality thus manifested in this mingling a quality one does not look for in a man whose character and manner have different aspects. All that I say of the color of Schreyer may also be applied to his drawing. His lines, clear and vague at the same time, are, in spite of these two distinct qualities, strangely personal with this artist. From all this the great talent of Schreyer seems like something much more than talent.

H. SCHMIECHEN,

Munich

Head of a Lady.

9 x 10½

G. H. TERRASA,

Rome

*Pupil of Fortuny.**Fortuny's Atelier.*

18 x 27½

Terrasa, in this delightful composition, has given us a charming remembrance of Fortuny. It is the great Spanish master's studio. Paintings upon which the celebrated colorist spent months of arduous labor are upon the walls. That on the buffet is a miniature copy of one which is known to have brought a high price. Surrounding it are objects of vertu that artists and connoisseurs love to have near them. Narghillies, porcelain, oriental weapons, embroidered silks and the like are hung together in pleasing and promiscuous confusion. A death mask acts as a vis-a-vis companion to a polchinello's head. Above the buffet and toning down the yellow frescoed wall are a chasuble and archbishop's mitre. The artist, in a kind of macaroni costume, is studying a decolletée female model who is habited in oriental dress. She is gracefully poisoning her arms above her head. The bare floor of the foreground is relieved by a Turkish rug.

PH. PARROT LECOMTE,

Paris

*Pupil of Meissonier.**Un Savant.*

20 x 25½

A bibliophilistic savant is engaged beside a window from which the light is streaming upon his literary labor. Around him are a number of old folios, out of one of which, he is gleaning a mine of wisdom, which he will later claim as his own profound erudition. Behind him on the wall are four folded manuscripts ready for reference. On the shelf above are more old books and a candle that betokens he carries his compiling and writing far into the early morning hours. This is a study very much after the old Dutch school, and which M. Lecomte has evidently accepted as a model.

J. J. A. LECOMTE-DU-NOUY, . Paris

W. J. -

Pupil of Gleyre, Gerome and Signal.

Medals, 1866, '69, '72.

Legion of Honor, 1876.

Hors Concours.

Christians at the Tomb of the Holy Virgin at Jerusalem.

52 x 34

This great picture of Lecomte-du-Nouy was exhibited at the Salon of Paris in 1878. It is full of the suggestion we should expect from a pupil of Gérôme. A number of devout worshippers surround the traditional tomb of the Holy Mother at Jerusalem. The red light pouring through the open door and gleaming through the slit-cross above the portal, indicates that a religious ceremony is in progress within the chapel that covers the Sacred Shrine. A group of fervent believers, native Christians, outside, show reverence and ardent faith. Some of them are Pilgrims from afar off. They have come to ask blessings from the Holy Virgin. The principal figure, among them, is a mother filled with devout enthusiasm and hope. She believes that her sickly son, beside her, will be cured of his disease. A weakly, ailing child in the last stages of physical prostration lies outstretched at the feet of his mother, who turns her imploring eyes to the Throne of Grace. Almost within the door is a cripple reading prayers and hoping that his lameness will leave him.

On the left hand of the portal and guarding the shrine is a Mohammedan functionary accoutred with swords, pistols and daggers. He listlessly smokes his pipe and superciliously ignores the Christian rabble. In the distance are the hills of Zion, and typical of Moslemism a vulture is lowering over the sacred city, while the new moon, emblematic of the Blessed Mother, is rising in the azure which is tipped with the golden gleams of the setting sun.

This is a painting full of tender, religious sentiment, overflowing with a wonderful diversity of color, and representing a scene from which a lesson must be learned by all who view it in a proper spirit.

ALEXANDRE LOUIS LELOIR, Paris

Pupil of his Father.

Medals, 1864, '68, '70.

Chevalier of the Legion of Honor, 1876.

Medal at Paris Exposition, 1878.

Temptation of St. Anthony.

39½ x 28½

This is Leloir's best work, and it was one of the features of the Johnston collection. It sums up in color the eternal battle between religion and the world, asceticism and lust. The subject is familiar to all readers of the "Lives of the Saints." It is not treated, however, in accordance with the usually accepted legend. Two voluptuous and lascivious sirens are tempting the Saint from the paths of Christianity and virtue. The struggle is very bitter and almost seems to be on the side of the priestesses of Priapus. The brunette, who is partially draped in a diaphanous robe, has thrown her arms around him, and she, as well as her fellow blonde temptress, are peering with eyes of devilish glee and sensualistic longing into his very soul. The foot of one of the profligate daughters of Sin is bruising the vellum reliure of one of the volumes of a father of the Church. The silken gloss and satin sheen of the other's robes are mingling with the gloomy shade of the Egyptian monk's habit. He clings to the cross, which although almost broken in the unholy fray with evil, yet preserves him from the machinations of the enemies of Christ. The cross is not overcome by the phallic votaries of Venus.

The ascetic face of the religious enthusiast is a study. To the left of the group are a skull, a pitcher of water and a crust of dry bread, which, in the eyes of Catholicity, far transcend all the possibilities of pleasure, which can be offered by the world, the flesh and the devil.

GABRIEL MAX, Munich

Medals, at Vienna Exposition, 1873; Berlin, 1874; Munich, 1876.

Professor of the Royal Academy of Fine Arts at Munich.

Honorary Member of the Royal Academies of Berlin, Vienna and Amsterdam.

Maternal Happiness.

24 x 31

This painting by a prominent member of the Munich school has much in common with the Madonnas of Raffaele of Urbino. In fact the blue sky in the background is very suggestive of the great Italian master. It is a mother with an infant in her arms. Maternal solicitude is expressed in the downward glance she gives to her babe, while the little one looks up with all the love and fervor that its puny heart is capable of. Mr. S. G. W. Benjamin, in his "Contemporary Arts in Europe," gives the first place in the Munich school to Max and Böcklin and says—"artists and public are alike agreed upon the surpassing character of Max's works."

79

Reverie.

10 x 14

This is another Study by Gabriel Max and shows his power and originality. Brown is the predominating color and contrasts with charming effect against the white of the drapery and complexion of the lovely female head he has depicted. Like his "Gretchen" it is "a wonderful conception marvellously carried out."

RAIMOND DE MADRAZO,

Paris

Pupil of his Father.

Medal, 1878.

Legion of Honor, 1878.

655 —

Spanish Dance.

16 x 25½

A half-breed domestic is dancing the opening steps of the *bolero* or *cachuca* to the twanging music of her young mistress' guitar. It is a semi-Andalusian, semi-South American group. There is a world of animation on the face of the musician and a happy, good-natured smile wreaths the features of the dancing servant, whose black hair is decorated with scarlet flowers. The contrast between the bronze of her complexion and the white garden wall, near which she is standing, are worked out with admirable effect. There is a good deal of careful technique in this pleasing picture.

625 —

Bal Masque.

19½ x 31

FRANK DE MESGRIGNY,

Paris

Pupil of Worms.

650 —

Environs de Lagne.

24 x 40

ADRIEN MOREAU,

Paris

210 /

*Pupil of Pils.**Medals, 1876 and 1879.**Strolling thro' the Woods.*

19 x 25½

PIERRE OUTIN,

Paris

400

*Pupil of Cabanel.**Honorable Mention, 1879.**Femmes Marociannes.*

19½ x 25½

AUGUSTE TOULMOUCHE,

Paris

1000

*Pupil of Gleyre.**Medals, 1852, '59, '61.**Legion of Honor, 1870.**Medal, at Paris Exposition, 1878.**Les Fleurs.*

16 x 24½

ANATOLE VELY, dec'd, . . . Paris

3095 —

Pupil of Signol.

Died 1881.

Medals, 1874 and 1880.

Le Cœur s'Eveille.

98½ x 58½

A rondel in colors. Poetry, romance, love, aristocracy, senility and budding maidenhood are all blended in one grand and delicious conception. Anatole Vely offers us in this subject the story of the awakening which arouses virgin fancies and makes a woman of a girl. This quaint conceit aptly illustrates the beginning of the desire for love and affection which bursts into the hearts of maidens of both high and low degree, alike under palace roof and in the humblest cot. We here have a good, old grandmother of long lineage and lordly family teaching her descendant, of the second generation, history and romance from an old chronicle. A story has been read by the stern, yet loving old dame, which has suddenly brought the heart of the grandchild to an understanding of herself and woman's mission, as well as of love. It is perchance the story of some *trouvere*—or gallant knight who for the sake of dear love, perhaps in the tournament or on the battle field—who by one of those noble acts of chivalry which marked medieval civilization, has enlightened this young, haughty maiden's soul. But whatever it is, whether roundelay or prose, the barbed shaft of Cupid has penetrated her brain and heart, and thus laid the seeds for some hero knighted amid war's alarms, or some courtly noble, to win and woo this young scion of the noblesse.

She is every inch of lofty descent. It needs no blazonry broidered on silken cushion, or heraldic device over the grandmother's chair to tell us that this maiden is of blue blood. Her patrician hands, her aristocratic features, her Cenci hair and her stately pose, young as she is, all prove that she is the daughter of a hundred sires. She is a Vere-de-Vere, or is of some Bayard *sans peur et sans reproche* noble house, or is of the stock of some DeGenville de Vaucouleur, whose ancestors were the friends of Kings and the great Lords of the soil. And the old grandmother herself exhibits the same traits, although age and possibly sorrow have enfeebled her form, dried up the blood within her veins, and withered the arms which need the high reclining chair and resting place for their weary weight. She has the face of Louis the XIth.

It is impossible to imagine a more carefully wrought out composition. Delicate and studious technique is exhibited in every detail of the canvas. The very type in the old tome seems to tell the romance which has aroused the maiden into love and light. The robes of both the figures, particularly the girl's satin gown, we can almost imagine to be gently rustling. The musical notes on the

disregarded loose vellum rolls seem falling off the canvas. The carpet on the dais, the rings and the hands of the grandmother and the form of the grandchild unite in making a perfect picture, and one of such high character that its like has rarely been offered for sale in the auction room.

This work proves Vely to be as great a painter as either Meissonier or Rembrandt. There is not an inharmonious detail in the breadth and length of the composition. It well deserves the eulogy which Vely's "Talking Well," now in the Corcoran Gallery, obtained from the art critic, who wrote:—"This charming picture is by one of the leading figure painters of France. The color throughout is harmonious—its sentiment delicately expressed."

This picture, unlike Vely's other works, has never been reproduced in any shape. He died before he could make a replica.

87

T. VERHEYDEN, Brussels

Sheep and Girl.

30 x 22

88

EMILE VAN MARCKE, Paris

Medals, 1867, '69, '70.

Chevalier of the Legion of Honor, 1872.

Medal at Paris Exposition, 1878.

Hors Concours.

Cattle.

45 x 32½

Van Marcke, the great French cattle painter, was never seen to better advantage than in the group here exhibited. This picture is by Van Marcke. That is all that need be said. "Good wine needs no bush."

D. JOSE VILLEGAS,

Rome

*Pupil of Fortuny.**Le Connoisseur de Faïence.*

7½ x 10½

Villegas offers in this charming little bit of color, work which cannot be approached by any master who has attempted to paint compositions in which faïence and porcelain appear. A connoisseur is engaged in admiring the beauties of a plaque, which probably Palissy fabricated, and which appeals to his dilettante taste. He has just taken it from a cabinet in which there are other specimens of the potter's art. There is a vast amount of good color in this work of Villegas. Particular attention should be called to the cloisonné enamel pitcher and basin, which stand in front of the cabinet. Villegas is seen to the very best advantage in this fascinating work which brings together the delights of both painting and ceramics.

FERDINAND WAGNER,

Munich

*Pupil of Piloty.**Evening Devotion.*

16 x 26

C. F. DAUBIGNY, dec'd,

Paris

*Pupil of Delaroche.**Medals, 1848, '53, '55, '57 '59, '67.**Legion of Honor, 1859.**Officer of Legion of Honor, 1874.**Diploma to the Memory of Deceased Artists.**Exposition Universelle, 1878.**Born, 1817. Died, 1878.**Springtime.*

Edmond About tells us the art of Daubigny—"consists in choosing well a bit of country and painting it as it is—enclosing in its frame, all the simple and naive poetry it contains." This is what the illustrious master has done in this exquisite *morceau*.

N. DIAZ, dec'd,

Paris

*Medals, 1844, '46, '48.**Legion of Honor, 1851.**Diploma to the Memory of Deceased Artists.**Exposition Universelle, 1878.**Born, 1807. Died, 1876.**La Sultana.*

This Sultana, a Circassian beauty, is dressed more in the costume that Titian has made us familiar with than contemporary masters have used in modern subjects. She is garbed in a jewelled bodice and white and red robes. Her head-dress of gems and feathers well become her delicious type of loveliness. The blue sky and verdant background bring out her features in strong relief.

JEAN F. MILLET, dec'd, . . . Paris

Pupil of P. Delaroche.

Medals, 1853, '64, (E. U.) 1867.

Legion of Honor, 1868.

Diploma to the Memory of Deceased Artists.

Exposition Universelle, 1878.

Born, 1814. Died, 1875.

Churning.

(Water Color.)

Millet gives us in this water-color, a farm domestic at the churn. It is of a different stamp to the ordinary productions of his brush. Collectors desirous of having variety of works by the same artist, should obtain this example.

BRUCK-LA-FOS, . . . Paris

The Reaper.

FIRMIN GIRARD, . . . Paris

(The Painter of the Paris Flower Market.)

In the Orchard.

J. G. MEYER-VON-BREMEN, . Berlin

Pupil of Sohn.

Gold Medal, Prussia, 1850.

The Little Sweet-tooth.

Meyer Von Bremen's study of a little girl, who on her way to school is stealing a march upon her noontide lunch, is full of innocent delight and rustic charm. Slate and school-books are disregarded. As the kerchiefed youngster looks at us with her head perked birdlike on one side she seems to say—"Oh my, ain't it good. It tastes just too nice for anything. Isn't this little Hennie-Pennie having a splendid time." The sunlight streaming over the broken gate on the lowest step of which she is seated, illumines the whole of the picture. It is only eclipsed by the happy child, whose bright face with its peach-like bloom is the centre of this charming work of art.

J. MICAS, Paris

Pupil of Rosa Bonheur.

Cattle in Pastures.

The color and careful work given us in this cattle scene, show incontestably that this painting is executed by not only a pupil, but a rival of Rosa Bonheur.

EUGENE ISABEY, dec'd, . . . Paris

Pupil of his Father.

Medals, 1824, '27, '55. (E. U.).

Legion of Honor, 1832.

Officer of the Legion of Honor, 1852.

French Sea Port.

This is an excellent Isabey, and as usual is a marine subject of great power. As if determined to inform us it belongs to the French school, the celebrated artist has raised the Gallic tricolor. It flaps defiantly in the breeze.

FELIX ZIEM, . . . Paris

Medals, 1851, and First Class, 1852.

Medal, 1855, Paris Exposition Universelle.

Cross of the Legion of Honor, 1857.

Officer of the Legion of Honor, 1878.

Hors Concours

Grand Canal, Venice.

33 x 47

Venice is the favorite subject of Ziem. The palace of the Doges, the pillars of St. Mark and a scene of delightful Italian beauty which mirrors before the mind the bride of the Adriatic, are presented to us in this glorious specimen of the brush of Ziem. René Ménard in the *Gazette des Beaux Arts* thus refers to Venice and this great painter's love for the city as a subject for his easel:

"Lost in the midst of the lagunes of the Adriatic, Venice, the city of enchantments, so dear to poets and travelers, has such a fascination for Ziem, that in contemporaneous art it has become a sort of monopoly for his talent, so much so that one experiences an involuntary astonishment upon seeing a view of Venice, not signed with his name. But his interpretation of Venice is so personal that one could not deceive himself long concerning it. In the Collection Laurent-Richard, Venice appears to us in an autumn evening. It has rained all day; but the sky, now cleared, is only traversed by some light clouds of an orange tint, which the movement of the waves reflects, mingling it with the purple shades of the setting sun. The grand Campanile of St. Mark raises itself in the distance above the horizon, and the edifices of the quay mark their silhouettes in a golden light, while gondolas thread their way over the grand canal, and some fishers' barks are placed in order to throw the nets."

CHARLES LOUIS MÜLLER, . Paris

Pupil of Gros and Cogniet.

Chevalier of the Legion of Honor, 1849.

Medals, 1838, '46, '48, and Paris Exposition, 1855.

Officer of the Legion of Honor, 1859.

Member of the Institute, 1864.

Roll Call of the Last Victims of the Reign of Terror.

80 x 45

This is one of the greatest historical paintings produced in this century. It has been so popularized through engraved copies that it hardly needs description. It could stand on its own merits.

A replica is in the collection of Mr. John Jacob Astor and has been credited to his gallery in the "Art Treasures of America." This was painted before the millionaire's copy.

The vivid pens of Carlyle and Thiers have told the story here represented with all the force that language can bring to illumine the hideous incidents of the Reign of Terror, which appalled Humanity by the horror of its history.

Nearly all the figures depicted in this picture are historical and from actual portraits. And they recall, the instant we gaze upon this composition, the words of that victim of the French Revolution, Madame Roland, who said—"Oh Liberty! what crimes are committed in thy name."

Not a line printed in any work chronicles the terrible days of Robespierre and Marat in such forcible language as this great picture does. We are here standing right in the middle of the fearful scene. We are living and breathing in 1793. Here, are grouped officers of the National Convention representing Democracy. There, are the terror stricken children of Aristocracy, who are in half an hour's time to expiate the crimes committed against God and civilization upon the common people for centuries. Noble, priest, Vendean, bourgeois, and the other friends of Monarchy, both male and female, are before us. In the centre stands the grim official calling out the death docket. Beside him and seated is a hideous mockery of a man, a turnkey, who with solemn and impassioned face watches the soul tortures of the condemned. Some of those called off are already in the tumbrel and one unfortunate wretch, a woman, is being hustled outside the gate into the fatal death-cart. Two of the old noblesse are painfully watching her struggles and heroically awaiting their turn. The name just called out has brought a victim to her knees in front of a friend of order, while another is placing his arms around her form to drag her to the portals of death.

The roll goes on and is listened to with blanched countenances. All expect the next name may be theirs. On the right of the picture a father is bidding adieu to his wife and child. Near them is seated a mother with her babe on her lap. The infant is perhaps destined for the same fate that is impending over the mother on whose breast she is now slumbering so sweetly. Next to them is a bishop in a violet coat and with an Episcopal cross around his neck. With one hand, he blesses a daughter of the old regime whose face has marked upon it an expression of intense, yet anxious agony. One of the people who stands above this pair is pointing the finger of denunciation at a lady of high birth whose features greatly resemble those of the Princess de Lamballe.

The other persons on the right hand side of the Conciergerie are as full of expressions of terror and indignation as those just called attention to.

Above the group on the left hand side of the prison the tri-color flaps in the gloom. Upon it is the motto of the newly born republic "Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité," to which is added the two words from the Marseillaise "Ou Mort" (or death). In the background are a group of members of the Assembly who are watching the struggles of the doomed victims. In the front row on the left hand side is an old Marquise who with rosary in hand is calling to heaven for protection. A gendarme is tearing a hopeless and helpless father from his young daughter whose arms cling to him while he looks forward wretchedly, with his hands in a final grasp upon those of the wife whom he has to leave never to meet again on earth.

The centre figure of all is looking forward into futurity with his right hand holding a pencil with which he has been writing.

The key to the painting informs us who the actual characters represented are. André Chenier is in the foreground, with a face full of poetic inspiration, inditing his last lines, stanzas deploring his untimely fate. The other characters are:—Mdlle. de Coigny, abject and terror-stricken, whom the Holy Bishop of Agde, C. F. S. de Saint Simon, is blessing; the Princess of Grimaldi-Monaco, née Stainville, with one hand on her bosom, the other on the back of her chair, whose face reminds us at one and the same time of Mdme. Roland and the chère amie of the "Widow Capet," the Princess de Lamballe; the Countess de Narbonne-Pelet, née Piercourt, with an exhausted appearance, is seated to the left of the Marquis de Roquelaure, whose face is a study of human agony and whose name is synonymous with lubricity; the poet, J. A. Roucher, is behind the French noble; the agonized Countess de Perigord, née Virville, is seated, infant in arms; Mdme. C. Lepelletier, Princess de Chimay, is struggling outside the Conciergerie doors, and watching her feeble, heart-rending endeavors are the Marquis G. de Montalembert, with slightly turned head, and C. F. Rougeot de Moncrif, "ex-garde-du-corps;" P. Durant Puy-Déverine, "ex-maître des comptes," with eyes upturned, is near by saying farewell to his wife and daughter; Mdme. A. Leroy, actress of the Comedie Francaise, is, with dramatic and imploring gesture, on her knees in front of the tri-color cockaded officer of the Revolutionary Tribunal, who is calling the victims out to death; the Marchioness Colbert de Maulevriers is feebly and devoutly telling her beads; J. L. M. Aucanne, "ex-maître des comptes" and captain of cavalry, is in the arms of his daughter; standing close by is Père Meynier, the saintly priest of the Hôtel-Dieu, and near to the two last named are Captain A. Leguay, of the 23d Chasseurs, and J. F. Antié, "dit Leonard," Marie Antoinette's hair dresser, who is hysterically awaiting his name.

The great art critic James Jackson Jarvis in his "Art Thoughts" says:—

"Muller's great picture of the 'Call of the Condemned' of the Reign of Terror is perhaps the best composed historical painting of our time. None that I know better fulfills the requirements of this branch of art, as a realistic narrative. It carries the spectator directly into the scene as it must have appeared on that morning when the last of Robespierre's victims were wantonly hurried to the guillotine. Muller drags it bodily out of the past, and puts it before our eyes in its precise truth, without dramatic exaggeration, or attempt to heighten anguish and despair sufficiently intense in their own naked reality. It is a conscientiously told tale. The officials, at whose action we are aghast, are justly treated; made men doing a stern duty, not ensanguined monsters. There are fifty masterly pictures, each a pathetic tale by itself; every separate group and individual action diversified in emotion, but filling its place with appropriate feeling in the harmonious whole; all subdued to an appropriate key of light, in fine gradation, centered outside the prison-door, where waits the cart which is fast filling with its dismal load. There is no attempt at an imaginative treatment, as in Couture's picture, but in place of it a picturesque rendering of the spectacle, based upon a thorough study of incidents, costumes, persons, and locality, with copious variety of action and expression. It is devoid of academic artificiality on the one hand, and of the extreme of conventional idealism on the other. Sincerity and sympathy are joined to unquestioned skill and rare talent in composition. Delacroix, by his grand manner, writes his autograph all over his work, and we are led to think as much of the artist as his subject. Poussin, Ingres, and like men represent systems or theories, and provoke comparisons. Delaroche excites the sentiments by his poetical sense, but his defective style of painting detracts from the enjoyment. Even the Couture which hangs opposite recalls the studio overmuch as a composition, besides being spotty in high lights, and securing brilliancy at such sacrifice of unity of tone and color as to make it border on the sensational in general effect. Muller attempts nothing that he cannot do thoroughly well, and in a quiet, truth-telling manner. His system gives all to art, regardless of exhibiting the artist. The painting is not the highest effort, but it is a success in high art complete in its way. Muller paints history as Moyle writes it, picturesquely, and with insight into its emotions."

The following is a translation of a letter of Mr. Ch. L. Muller to Messrs. Goupil & Co.

PARIS, SEPT. 9, 1881.

DEAR MR. GOUPIL;

In answer to your letter of the 8th inst. I herewith affirm that the reproduction of my picture entitled "*Dernières Victimes de la Terreur*" which I executed for you and delivered in 1863 is the first one signed by me. There existed before, a smaller picture which I painted for the Count de Pareval, who ordered it to put in a few portraits of his family, in the composition.

[SIGNED.]

CH. L. MULLER, M. P.

The original of this letter will be given to the purchaser of the painting.

